New England Coastal Graveyard

The frugal spaces
as if these Yankees embraced
the dirt unto them. Above,

salt-scoured markers rippling in
smoke from McDONALDS, & ISUZU.

(We must seem to ripple too
inside the supermarket's window.)

A stone shakes at the end
of vision.
The girl scans barcodes
off our frozen food.

OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL
we had earlier browsed.

Where water is the jungle,
bronze and green, shrieking
birds of teal-streaked apricot

throng massive heat, drop hushed in
ribbons past the dripping palms,

thence shadowing a dusk-
smoked wave,
an amorist's shoulder.